

Piney Woods Planter.

AND AMITE UNION LITERARY REFLECTOR,

Devoted to Literature, Politics, Science, Agriculture, Education, General Intelligence, &c.

THESE ARE ONLY TWO SORTS OF GOVERNMENT, ONE OF, AND THE OTHER OVER THE PEOPLE;—WE HAVE SWORN TO SUPPORT THE FORMER AND OPPOSE THE LATTER.

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TERMS.

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THE PLANTER.

Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1838.

We lay before our readers, the following letter, with a heartfelt pleasure seldom experienced by us in performing our editorial labors. The good sense, patriotic and philanthropic feeling expressed in language so appropriate, forcible and soul-stirring, that no one can read it and not be charmed with the graces of style as well as the beauty and grandeur of sentiment. Without the aid of the initials, L. A. B., we think we could identify the writer as the talented editor of the "Free Trader," who judges not of the praise or censure he bestows, by what others may say of them. Surely, the time has gone by, when, to praise in deserved terms, the *Centinel* of America—the Chief of the Hermitage, who has retired to that privacy from which his country called him, and has now no offices or places of profit to bestow, can be called "scioophancy"—"man-worship," &c. &c.

From the Columbus Democrat.

LETTER FROM THE HERMITAGE.

NASHVILLE, September 8, 1838.

FRIEND LESTER:—In compliance with my promise I drop you a few lines relative to the retired Chief of the Hermitage, whom we have just returned from visiting.

The old Hero received us with his usual urbanity and presented us to his interesting adopted family, and to our friend Col. Earle. The venerable ex-President is quite feeble, but in fine spirits, and in his mind appears to be as vigorous as when his body was in the perennial pride of manhood. His frame is bowed down by the weight of years of toil and exposure in the service of a country that has proved herself grateful by awarding to him her highest honors. I could not look upon that splendid wreck of physical greatness, illumined as it still is by almost superhuman intelligence and prophetic forecast, without a feeling of awe mingled with my devotion and love. If there ever was a man whose personal appearance and conversation could arouse the best feelings and purest aspirations of the human heart, that man is General Andrew Jackson. Those who have abused him most, have known him least. Could they see him now at his retreat surrounded by the young and the beautiful; him the self-willed general the proud conqueror, the great statesman, the lofty genius, the incorruptible patriot, as unpretending as the most lowly who receive hospitality at his hands, I think the spirit of malice itself would be shamed to silence, though might the General be envied to his sweet and happy repose.

I need not speak to you of the different members of the family of the Hermitage, nor of the landscape beauties of the place, as you have enjoyed the society of the former and feasted your eyes upon the latter. We were kindly shown the various valuable tributes to the bravery and talents of Gen. Jackson, presented by individuals, by States and by Congress at different periods of the eventful life of the greatest man America can boast—All these, too,

you have seen. The majority of the paintings that now adorn the drawing room I know, as you enter the hall, the first door that opens into the drawing room upon your left, advancing through it you have in full view upon the wall, portraits of the Ex-President and his deceased consort placed one on either side of the chimney. Directly opposite hang the portraits of Andrew Jackson Jr. and his Lady. Upon the pier table at the head of the room between the front windows stands a bust of Gen. Jackson, and directly over it a portrait of President Van Buren, the best I ever saw. Pass thro' the folding doors and you see over the pier table at the lower end of the room the portrait of our Minister to Spain, Major Eaton, directly facing Mr. Van Buren's. Portraits of Gen. Coffee, Doctor Bronough, Col. Gadsden, and Capt. Easter, are arranged in a corresponding manner with those in the upper part of the room. All these specimens of the fine arts, except one, were executed by your friend Col. Earle,* whom I consider the best limner in America. He has a portrait of Col. Benton, nearly completed, that is a perfect likeness, and looks as though it were flesh and blood possessed of vitality. I almost fancied myself again in the senate of the United States listening to the thunders of his eloquence.

Col. Earle is free from the common fault of artists—flattery. He is true to nature and puts the "thing of life" breathing upon the canvas. He has recently given evidence of great taste in another way. You recollect how the grounds were laid out in front of the Hermitage; well, the avenues now wind to the house describing the neck and body of a guitar, the extremity of the neck being the entrance of the gate. It is certainly an unique design and is as beautiful as uncommon. Mrs. Jackson did the honors of the table with all that care and grace that characterized her when mistress of the "white house" at Washington.—She is a beautiful lady and was so extremely kind and communicative that Mrs. B. and myself were delighted with her. She has three lovely children to whom Gen. Jackson is much attached.

The day of our arrival and the following one, I conversed a great deal with the Ex-President about banks, politics, and the welfare of the country generally. Col. Polk's Shelbyville speech had just been read; the General was highly pleased with it; said that Col. Polk had been tried a long time and was a man upon whose political integrity the people could rely; had full confidence in the patriotism of the people of Tennessee, and did not believe they would ever support a National Bank man if the issue were fairly made. I was agreeably surprised to find the old Hero intimately acquainted with the local politics of every section of Mississippi; but a mind like his grasps and retains every thing. He highly approved our Governor for the check he gave to the mad career of our banks, and demonstrated in a few words that a staple State like Mississippi grows richer the nearer she approaches a specie circulation; for, as the price of our cotton is regulated by a foreign market, the multiplication of banks at home only increases the expenses of production, without enhancing the value of the product. He says that all the enormous profits made by the banks as well as the great tax which every consumer pays the extent of his depreciation of the paper, are abstracted from the labor of the country; and that the banks have a demoralizing effect upon the community. The truth of these words every Mississippian has become sensible of, and I trust the next Legislature will reform the banks and restore order, they will, if they obey the wishes of their constituents.

The General appeared highly gratified that Lowndes and Monroe counties were right, and that old Lawrence and Covington were still true to their principles.

We left the Hermitage with regret. At parting as the "God bless you" of the war worn Hero fell upon my ear, and the beams of his moistened eye met mine. I felt that I had received the benediction of the favored of Heaven, both in war and in peace. That visit

and those parting words will long be remembered.

L. A. B.

P. S.—I entertain no doubt of the success of Mr. Polk. He will traverse the whole State and visit every hamlet.

*This distinguished artist died at the residence of the ex-President on the 16th ult., eight days after this letter was written. He was the intimate friend and companion of General Jackson. A correspondent of the Nashville Union, who wrote his obituary, remarks:—

"Indeed there was in the relation subsisting between him and Gen. Jackson, something more than usually interesting. He was introduced, soon after his arrival in Tennessee, to Gen. Jackson, whose sagacious eye was not long in discovering his merits. An intimacy soon sprung up, which led to Mr. Earle's admission into the family of the hermitage, where he was able to pursue, without interruption, his favorite art, and was placed beyond the necessity which too often discourage the efforts of its meritorious votaries. This hospitality has been repaid in the many excellent portraits he has produced of this distinguished man, and by the kindness and affection which he uniformly manifested towards him."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Those who wish to be happy and to make others so, will read the following hints and suggestions in the following, to aid them in obtaining the end—read it attentively:

"Success in life depends as much on trifling as on great things. Men may have talent, perseverance and integrity, and yet drag through existence in the very lowest class of society. There is something wanting always—something which, in itself, appears to be unimportant, and is yet the great pivot upon which turn wealth and honor. Parents who have given their children excellent educations, and have taught them that virtue and integrity are the real sources of distinction and power, are often doomed to see them linger on in poverty—friendless and unhappy. They do not cultivate their feelings. They do not teach them that the hearts of men are the touchstone whereby to mount to influence. That it yields to a well-timed appeal, when eloquence may exhaust its chosen phrase, and talent may present its claim to the intelligent. The heart is the instrument upon which every tone may be played! It is the key-note to all man's passions; and when touched by a skillful artist the world becomes his footstool, and man his creature. When we consider the immense importance of this subject in the education of youth, its neglect is more extraordinary.

It seems to us, as though the more discreet and good of the world thought the cultivation of the feelings to be improper. To be harsh and stern is not certainly a concomitant of virtue, even though its most ardent professors are very frequently characterized by these forbidding qualities. Virtue and religion, to us, appear always in the garb of a gentle woman, whose whole mind and manner are composed of every good quality which flows pure and unadulterated from the heart. She is mild and benign—a sweet smile is ever upon her lip, and soft words are her appeals to those who seek her company. Why, then, are her votaries so generally surly, with a scowl always on their faces, and no music in their words? They mistake their "being" end and aim" altogether—they have wrong notions of the spirit whom they worship. Like the Eastern fanatic, they think he delights in blood, and is ever calling for a sacrifice of all pleasure and apparent enjoyment. The notion is false—radically false—and it debars many from choosing that "better part," which renders life a gay parterre, filled with all that is enticing and lovely.

Those who cultivate the hearts of youth, prepare a way for the entrance of truth, and contentment—and consequent happiness. It is, however, a department of education which is left to chance—children are "brought up," as though they had no hearts or as though it were a crime not to smother

every indication of the possession of this important instrument of life. They attain manhood, therefore, without knowing its uses, and if with talent and energy, they sometimes fall in being successful, they cast the blame upon the ungrateful world, when in truth it should all rest with themselves.—Having no mutual sympathy with mankind, they can build no firm foundation for their hopes, and may struggle perpetually whilst each receding wave of time washes the structure from its slender base.

Education, although the world is nearly 6000 years of age, and should have come to an age of discretion, is far, very far from being perfect. There is much yet to learn, and one of the most gratifying periods of its history will be when much of the cold, meaningless nonsense of the schools is abolished, and all that is susceptible and worthy of cultivation in mankind will receive a greater portion of attention than it now does.

But we may tire our readers, and will therefore cease.

THE GARLAND.



"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

O yes! I take the papers.

Their trifling cost is never missed, Although I've stood forty years Upon the Printer's list.

Talk not of warriors—Faust released Earth from the terrors of the kings— He twined his sick (sorrow) and darkness ceased, And morning streamed along the East, On Freedom's burnished wings.

O yes! I take the papers; And sons and daughters—tall and small— For they have been, through thick and thin, The pasture of all.

'Twas nobly said that should a star Be stricken from the dome of night, A Printing Press—if stationed there— Would fill the vacuum to a hair, And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no papers, Or taking, reads not when they're read, Would sell his pen to buy a "horn," And live on borrowed bread.

The Printer opens his wide domains Of Science—scatters Education All o'er the land, like April rains: And yet his labors and his pains Are all his compensation.

CANADIAN PATRIOTS' HARM.

Air—"LA MARELAINE." Hark to the trumpet's call! we come A band of brothers true; List to the soul-inspiring drum! A chosen band tho' few, In Freedom's sacred cause, Our banners wave, and spear and glaive For Liberty and laws.

Smile! Freedom smile! to guard thy rights, Behold thy sons prepared, Victorious in a hundred fights With ready bosoms bared, In Freedom's sacred cause, &c.

Who shall withstand the noble ire Which in our bosoms burn?— Who shall contend th' impetuous fire Which death and danger spurn?— In Freedom's sacred cause, &c.

Charge! gallant charge! our leaders cry, With carnage smoke the field, Behold disordered squadrons fly And frowning despots yield, In Freedom's sacred cause, &c.

What deaf'ning vives rend the air! What incense mounts the skies! 'Tis the proud acclaim of the brave and fair, 'Tis a grateful country's sighs, In Freedom's sacred cause, &c.

LT. HENRY DRAPER, L. B. MS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROVERBS.

A white glove often conceals a dirty hand. The remedy for injuries is not to remember them. Be a friend to yourself and others will. Go into the country to hear the news of the town. Be not a ba-

ker if your head is made of butter. Call me cozen but cozen me not. Praise is disparagement. Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light. Youth and white paper soon take an impression. Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms. The church is out of temper when charity is cold and zeal is hot. The sting of reproach is the truth of it. Envy shoot at others and wounds herself. A goose's quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw. Beware of a silent dog and a wet rat.

BRUTE FORCE AND MORAL POWER.

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen "standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel with his battle-axe on his shoulder," till his fierce hosts filled out to new victories and new carnage, the pale onlooker might have fancied that Nature was in her death throes; for have and despair had taken possession of the earth, the sun of manhood seemed setting in blood. Yet it might be on that very gale day of Tamerlane, a little boy was plying nine pins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to men than of Twenty Tamerlans. The Tarter Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten for ever; and the German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself through all countries and through all times.—What are the conquests and expedition of all captains from Walter the penniless to Napoleon Bonapart, compared with these "moveable types" of Johannes Faust? Truly, it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect, how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot prints; and all that he achieved, and skillfully piled together will be but like his own "canvas city" of a camp, this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished, "a few earth-pits and heaps of straw." For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest has in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material, but by moral power are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage waggons attends its movements. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority!—The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

Coming it over the fifteen Gallon Law.—We understand that previous to the Division Muster at Delham, yesterday, a shrewd one hit upon the following novel expedient to evade the license law. He made application to the Selectmen for a license to exhibit a striped pig during the parade day, which was granted. He accordingly procured a pig, and with a brush painted some stripes on his back, and yesterday morning he had a tent erected on the field, with due notice on the exterior, that a striped pig was to be seen within; price of admission, six and a quarter cents.—The rate being so low, numerous visitors were induced to call upon his swinish majesty, and, every one on coming out appeared highly gratified with the kind and courteous reception he met with from the keeper of the remarkable pig, for each comer was treated to a glass of brandy and water or gin, or whatever liquor he might prefer, without any extra charge. Some were so well pleased that they were induced to take a second look at the animal, and were as kindly and liberally treated as at their first visit. At the last accounts the exhibitor was driving a brisk business, and was likely to make a profitable day's job in exhibiting his "striped pig."—Boston Sentinel.